



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

A LOSS TO ART LITERATURE.

OUR Boston contemporary, *The American Art Review*, we hear, with sincere regret, will cease to appear after the October issue, which will complete its second year. The publishers, Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, and the editor, Mr. Köhler, in their labors to establish it on a permanent footing, have done genuine service to art in this country. When we say that their magazine has been conducted with scholarship and good taste, we only echo the opinion of all who are acquainted with it. One important thing it has certainly done. It has shown that we have some etchers in this country entitled to rank among the best of the day, and it may well be doubted whether, but for the liberal encouragement extended to these artists, such excellence as is shown in some of the plates of *The American Art Review* would have been called forth for years to come.

The fact that this is the second failure within a year of an American publisher to maintain an expensive art magazine would seem to indicate that we have not a large enough number of persons of taste and wealth to support such an enterprise. When, after several years' trial, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. concluded that, with all the resources of a great publishing house, it would not pay them to continue the American edition of *The Art Journal* it called for no small degree of confidence for another house to embark in a still more costly enterprise of the kind. The projectors of *The American Art Review* seemed to think that the public was thirsting for American etchings; that the absence of these was the principal cause of the previous apathy in regard to American art publications; that if they could only give them American etchings of good quality and in sufficient quantity, little else was to be desired.

Doubtless the truth is that persons willing to pay a high price for an art magazine prefer to buy the French "*L'Art*," or the "*Gazette des Beaux Arts*," which are superior to any other art periodicals—at least so far as the etchings in them are concerned—and the etchings are the chief item of expense in an art journal which makes a feature of them. For a general art magazine at a low price, *The Magazine of Art* fills the popular want; and as a practical guide and instructor in art for students and amateurs, the undisputed success of *THE ART AMATEUR* would seem to show that this field is satisfactorily filled. Neither of these publications exceeds a third of the price of *The American Art Review*.

When it is further considered that the art subscription book business is pushed throughout the country, that the popular monthly magazines devote much attention to art topics, and that the holiday season never fails to introduce many foreign works of great merit and of comparatively small cost, it will be seen that an expensive American art magazine must have very extraordinary attractions to hold its own against such serious competition. The failure of our contemporary probably is due less to a lack of popular appreciation of good art work than to the fact that the field for art periodicals is already well filled. It is true that the foreign art journals do not give as much attention to American art matters as some of us may think they deserve; but, considering that the average American patron of art does not show any respect even for American painters until their talents have received the "cachet" of foreign approval, it is not surprising that he should be content to buy his etchings where he buys his pictures.

RECENT PICTURE IMPORTATIONS.

THE enterprise just opened at the British capital, "*Le Salon à Londres*," is anticipated and made useless here by private enterprise. There is no need to inaugurate at New York an exhibition of the representative works of the Paris Salon, when the choicest specimens are snapped up by our importers and shown in their collections.

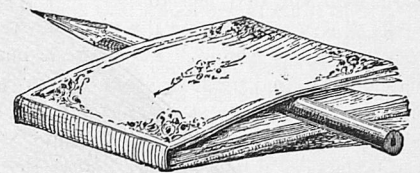
Mr. Schaus, for instance, exhibits "*Un Coup de Main*," by E. Renouf, representing a fisherman's little daughter putting her strength to his oar in the boat. The modelling of the two forms, in a total lack of direct sunlight, is sharp and shadowless, recalling the style of Renouf's master, Jules Lefebvre, though the prosaic aspect of the personages is very different from that of Lefebvre's classical idealities. The picture is some ten feet across, and has all the reality of an actual living group. Mr. Schaus succeeded in

wresting this important canvas from the French government, after the Minister of the Fine Arts had written to the artist his acceptance of the work. The American dealer, glad to have such an emphatic indorsement of his own approval, bore off the canvas in triumph to America, where the appreciation of an enlightened public will amply repay the artist for the loss of governmental honors. Mr. Schaus has likewise secured the wonderful "*Source*" of J. J. Henner, the phenomenal Alsatian painter. This is a figure, nearly life size, of a sitting nymph arranging her auburn tresses at a spring in the forest. His astonishing treatment of cream-white flesh in the cave-like light of a woodland clearing, is shown in this example with all his Rembrandt-like power. Both these specimens are from the Paris Salon of 1881.

The last Salon picture of Villa—a pupil of Gleyre—is seen at Mr. Avery's gallery. It is mediævalism revealed in all its poetry and grace. Two female figures, arrayed in the richest embroideries of the old Flemish weavers, sit in a luxurious chamber, the youngest playing on a portable organ fit for the fingering of a Saint Cecilia. This treasure is actually preserved in the Louvre, and a loan of it was obtained by M. Villa for his picture. It is in ivory, and is held in the lap, while a gold chain passes round the neck of the player to keep the cumbrous instrument in place, and the bellows are managed by the left hand of the executant. The fair girl who evokes from the keyboard some sacred melody of Stradella's, is robed in a tissue of gold and silver cloth, exquisitely painted by the artist, while a somewhat maturer beauty, in the jewelled wimple of Dürer's day, sits beside and conducts the lesson. Mr. Avery also possesses just now an exquisite head by Henner, called "*Asleep*," with an ivory profile, distinct and suave as a cameo, in its frame of dark red hair. He has also a recent Schreyer, an "*Arab Advance Guard*," possessing all that master's silky sheen of color in its white-cloaked Bedouins and gray-coated desert steeds. A specimen of Van Marcke, executed ten years ago, "*The Milking*," shows cattle, peasants, and a Troyon-like landscape, gravely and richly painted, with a sincerity which the artist has latterly exchanged for more taking contrasts and more violent effects. Grison, of Strasburg, seems half a German or Düsseldorf painter in his "*Wedding Breakfast*," a scene of provincial life, with a dandy bridegroom complacently exhibiting to the guests the masterpieces of a country tailor. A fine landscape, with a bathing nymph, shows the candid realism of Courbet. A group of boats at Etretat is by the sincere and capable illustrator of that favorite watering-place, the late C. Hoguet, whose death now adds a value to his legacy of sunny Etretat scenes. By Alfred Stevens is a lady at a portière, "*Listening*." The painting of her black silk and squirrel-skin cloak, of her fair face seen behind a dotted black veil, has the readiness and assurance of execution only found in a master. Adrien Moreau is exemplified in a picturesque châtelaine, "*On the Terrace*," issuing from a Gothic portal, with red damask costume and book of hours.

By the last-named painter, A. Moreau, is seen at Goupil's his picture of 1881, "*The Bohemians*," which takes us again into the full lustre of the Salon just closed, by placing us in front of one of the most conspicuous paintings of that exhibition. It is a desolate, open twilight landscape, in the style of Jules Breton, about eight by five feet in measure. The silver sickle of the moon twinkles in the sky just over the head of the principal figure, a graceful Esmeralda dancing with her tambourine for the amusement of her comrades. There are six figures, with the inevitable donkey. The old gipsy king, in a royal squalor of rags and dirt, crouches in a gully opposite the performer, and the black-haired sorceresses of the tribe lie prone around, supreme in idleness and freedom. The figures harmonize with the landscape, forming with it an exquisite unity. At Goupil's may also be examined Jules Breton's important picture from the late Salon, called the "*Femme de l'Artois*." It is a life-size study of a farm-woman, complete to the knees, and embodies an effort at expression very rare for Breton. The rustic wife holding her milk jar with both hands on her knees, looks up to the horizon with a wistful and inquiring expression, as if eager to find an escape from her life of narrow opportunities and sordid toil. By Bonnat is found, also at Goupil's, his latest picture, the "*Petite Italienne Souriante*." It is nearly life-size,—a model from the Spanish

Stairs at Rome, biting her finger in the studio and smiling at her painter with a general intention of cajolery and coquetry—and is painted with that almost exaggerated profundity of shadow which makes Bonnat's later figures so inexorably real. By Fromentin is seen a delicious "*Arab Watering-place*" of 1873, with a bank covered with Oriental figures under a cliff, and the snowy peaks of the Atlas contradicting the general effect of sultriness and aridity; the crowded figures bathe their beautiful barbs in the ford, or lie at ease on the welcome sward. Boldini, in a dazzling little canvas of 1876, shows "*The Studio*," an eighteenth century beauty being painted by La Tour in one of the oval frames of the day, and stretching her modish figure with irrepressible ennui between her gallant and the fashionable painter. "*The Dispute*," by Grison of Bordeaux, is a lively scene of the last century, showing servant-girls disputing over spilt water-jars at a street fountain in Lille, watched by an amused Hogarthian crowd. Detti shows "*The Arrival*," a young married couple dismounting in an Italian courtyard in the middle ages, and received by a pair of quaint and ceremonious hosts; and Béraud, a scene on the modern boulevard, between Cristofle's and Everard's shops, with all the humors of the Paris crowd.



My Note Book.



SOME unpardonable blunders are pointed out in a recent notice in *The Critic* of the pamphlet "*Head-Dresses Exhibited on Ancient Coins*." For instance, many specimens quoted by the author in illustration are declared to be either forgeries or misread coins. This the reviewer attributes to the fact that nearly all the books of reference on ancient coins in public libraries in this country are old ones, "written before numismatic science had established itself upon a sound basis." American writers on coins, indeed, seem invariably to have reproduced the blunders of their predecessors. Mr. W. C. Prime flounders dreadfully. I do not know that the many misleading statements in his book on coins have ever been publicly challenged. When it appeared, that honest and able review, *The Critic*, had not yet seen the light. But what, I wonder, would its well-informed writer have said, had the book come under his searching eye, of Mr. Prime's colossal blunder of giving an engraving of a relatively modern Italian medal, and calling it a Jewish shekel of the time of Simon Maccabæus?

* * *

THE sale of the personal effects of Lord Beaconsfield, at which the original manuscripts of some of his published works brought very high prices, suggests a future source of profit to authors hitherto unthought of, to say nothing of a new pursuit for collectors. Over twelve hundred dollars was paid for the manuscript of "*The Young Duke*," about a thousand for "*Contarini Fleming*," and over seven hundred for "*The Wondrous Tale of Alroy*." The first-named sum was only a trifle less than the highest realized for any one picture in the late earl's collection, a coast scene by Copley Fielding. Probably, however, the authenticity of the pictures was not in all cases above suspicion. Certainly, for a genuine Watteau, a hundred dollars—which was somewhat more than a "*Fête Champêtre*" attributed to that master brought—would have been a great bargain; and a "*Virgin and Child*, with Elizabeth and John"—an alleged Rubens—cannot be called dear at a hundred and thirty dollars.

* * *

It would be interesting to know what would have been paid for the copyright of the three works named, the manuscripts of which brought nearly two thousand dollars. The copyright and stereotype plates of the "*Biography of Lord George Bentinck*" were offered for sale; but as only about a hundred dollars was bid,

they were withdrawn. It was evident that the buyers at the sale were more interested in bric-à-brac than copyrights. I suppose that manuscripts by famous authors must henceforth be classed as bric-à-brac, with a money value. It is to be hoped, therefore, that writers who may have reason to believe that they are inditing for posterity, will consider the desirableness of legibility. It is hardly to be expected, of course, that all authors who come under this category will reach the goal of their ambition; but those who fall by the way may at least console themselves with the reflection that their neat manuscript has been a source of comfort to the overworked editor and guiltless of provoking profanity from the much-tried printer.

* * *

It is amusingly characteristic of the young Disraeli, that he should have believed so thoroughly in his future greatness as to preserve the "copy" of his early writings. As a rule, an author's manuscript, after the proof-sheets have been compared with it, is regarded by the printer as waste paper. Probably not one writer in a thousand takes the trouble to preserve it. This consideration, perhaps, does not unfairly convey to the mind the inordinate self-esteem of the late British premier. But Disraeli certainly was not guilty of the hypocrisy of Stendahl, who said that he had merely jotted down on the backs of writing cards, in the form of observations, his treatise "De l'Amour," although it bears all the evidence of a labored treatise. It is a pity, by the way, such a unique manuscript as this has not been preserved. If original "copy" is to become bric-à-brac, such a whimsical production as that of Stendahl certainly ought to command a high price.

* * *

MANUSCRIPTS by famous authors, if they *should* come in vogue as bric-à-brac, would of course be too costly for the ordinary collector. But this consideration would make them the more sought after. Such bric-à-brac now, as is in demand by collectors, is difficult to obtain except through the regular dealers. Two hundred years ago Lord Arundel—if it be not a profanation to class that liberal and accomplished patron of the arts with mere seekers of curios—ransacked Italy for antique treasures, as did his no less cultivated countryman, Horace Walpole, a century later. Now, original search would avail the collector but little. Nearly everything desirable for museum and cabinet is known. It is the dealer or his agent who gleams the field. The risk of buying on one's own defective judgment or on the representation of the average dealer on the continent, is very great. It is much cheaper in the end to buy through an expert and pay him a liberal commission, than be swindled by the parasitic dealers of all lands, like poor Mr. Bell, of Glasgow, for instance.

* * *

THAT gentleman had collected for many years, expending in the pursuit hundreds of thousands of dollars. He died recently, bequeathing his treasures to his native city, to form the nucleus for a public museum. Through some legal informalities this purpose was defeated, and his old masters and "objets d'art" came to the hammer, to sell for their real value, which turned out to be about a tenth of the price he paid for them. His false Titians and Raphaels, his Peruginos and Giorgiones and forged majolica and cinque-cento carvings shared the same fate as did the wonderful collection of the Californian, Mr. Shaw, who also, at one time, had intended to found a museum; and that of the eccentric Mr. Dürr. It is an old story; but one that is likely to be told again and again, until the millennium of the world of art, when the dishonest dealer shall repent and sin no more, and the knowledge of the rich man shall be commensurate with his ambition.

* * *

VERY different was it with Mr. C. S. Bale and M. Léopold Double, whose collections almost simultaneously came to the hammer a few months ago, in their respective cities of London and Paris. Each had been a model collector. There was no doubt as to the genuineness of the objects offered for sale. Many of them were historical and all were worthy of the owners.

* * *

THE Englishman had quietly brought together, within the walls of his London home, priceless treasures, including porcelain, gems, Greek vases, drawings, prints and paintings. His name was familiar to dealers and connoisseurs; but the public daily passed and repassed his common-looking little house without a

suspicion of what was concealed from view. The Frenchman, on the other hand, with characteristic contrast of nationality, made an imposing exhibition of his possessions in fourteen spacious rooms in the Rue Louis-le-Grand, and they were known to all Paris, being, indeed, one of the sights of the city. Both men died, and their treasures were offered for sale. The personality of the owners counted for little. Nothing is freer from sentiment than such an occasion. Connoisseurs and dealers, from half the capitals of Europe gathered at Christie's and the Hotel Drouot. The treasures of art, so lovingly gathered, were in a few hours ruthlessly dispersed, in nearly every instance, as might have been expected, bringing large advances on their original cost.

* * *

PROFESSOR D. CADY EATON, of Yale College, receives a merited castigation at the hands of The American Architect for his ill-considered criticism of the Bartholdi statue of Liberty. He declares that it will be ridiculous in New York Harbor, and rudely proposes that the arm of the figure should be removed from Madison Square and be given to "some enterprising barber," or that the completed work "may find a resting-place in front of a gigantic café-chantant." The Architect justly says that "it is difficult to see in what way it should necessarily be more 'ridiculous' than the giant effigy by Phidias of Minerva Promachos on the Acropolis of Athens, or the Colossus of Rhodes, which stood in a situation almost precisely analogous to that of the New York statue," and adds: "It would be not only more decent, but more wise, to wait until we are sure that the greatest work of the foremost sculptor in Europe in his own specialty will be intolerable to our delicately artistic organizations before we take pains to insult the generous nation which offers it as a token of friendship."

* * *

ENCOURAGED by their remarkable success with Puck, the only American comic journal ever worthy of the name, Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann have sought new fields for their enterprise. They have found them in two new publications: "Um Die Welt," a large, handsomely illustrated and beautifully printed German weekly, and Fiction, a non-illustrated story paper, written in English. Fiction is typographically perfect. Some of its stories are complete, and others are continued from week to week. All are original and well written.

* * *

BY the way, how much better a man works, as a rule, when he is his own master. Mr. Joseph Keppler, for years, was the cartoonist for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly, without achieving fame. When the proprietor concluded to cut down the salaries of his employes, Mr. Keppler resigned. With the aid of Mr. Schwarzmann, an excellent man of business, he started Puck. The artistic merit of his cartoons and their pungent wit were soon recognized, and at a critical turning point in the financial history of the paper, there arose such a demand for Puck that it leaped at once to financial success.

* * *

EXCELLENT wood engravings of three paintings by Munkacsy accompany the notice of him in The Magazine of Art for September. These comprise the artist's first important work, "The Last Day of a Condemned Prisoner," "The Two Families," and "The Studio." The first-named picture, which, exhibited in the Salon of 1870, gave the poor Hungarian his start in life, was bought by Mr. Wiltach, an American. The fact, perhaps, was worth mentioning, inasmuch as the purchase was the first practical appreciation of the work of a struggling genius. Mention, too, should have been made of Munkacsy's important canvas, "At the Pawnbroker's," owned by Miss Catherine L. Wolfe, in this city, and of his admirable "Visit to the Baby," in the A. T. Stewart collection. An illustration of his latest work, "Christ Before Pilate," would have been very welcome. By the way, it is said that the ex-cabinet-maker's apprentice, who used to paint flowers upon furniture, asks the modest sum of \$35,000 for this picture. Whether he sells it or not makes little difference to him; for he has accumulated money by the work of his brush, and his wife brought him a large fortune.

* * *

THAT clever artist and industrious writer, Mr. Lewis F. Day, has an interesting illustrated article on "The Woman's Part in Domestic Decorations," in The

Magazine of Art, and among other valuable articles in the same number are a second paper on Flaxman by E. S. Roscoe, a short one on "The Proportions of the Human Figure," by Charles Roberts, and a notice of the Salon of 1881.

* * *

SOME of the best illustrations that have ever appeared in Harper's Magazine are to be found in the October number. The frontispiece by E. A. Abbey, "With Grandpapa," a last century picture of a little boy fishing from a wharf by the side of an old man, is very well cut by Henry Wolf, who should use a little more care, however, in modelling the hands of his figures. The gems are in William H. Gibson's breezy paper entitled "A Berkshire Road." The drawings are by Mr. Gibson, in his best style, and the engraving, which is by Morse, Tinkey, Juengling, Marsh, Wolf and others, is wholly creditable. Some excellent wood-cuts embellish Vane's "Adirondack Days," after drawings by W. S. Macy and Thomas Moran.

* * *

PROBABLY the best written article in the number is Edward Strahan's sketch of Frederick A. Bridgman. It will necessarily remind the reader of his spirited article on the same subject, last March, in THE ART AMATEUR. The illustrations are woodcuts of eight of Mr. Bridgman's paintings, two of which will be recognized at once by the remembrance of the artist's own sketches of them, reproduced in facsimile in these pages.

* * *

THE portrait of Mr. Bridgman is a fair likeness; but it fails to give the characteristic refinement in feature of the original. But for the muddy appearance of some of them, the illustrations of the artist's works would be very satisfactory. This muddiness is too often noticeable in the work of the Scribner-Harper school of engraving. At a first glance it would seem to come from "carrying too much ink" in the printing; but that this is not the usual cause is evident from other fine cuts on the same "form" being free from the fault. It has been suggested to me that the trouble is due to the too conscientious engraver preserving in his work the exaggerated tone of the dark photographic impression on his block. Very likely this is so.

* * *

THE engraver of the Scribner-Harper school works over the dark photograph on his block. Before him, as a copy, he usually has the artist's monochrome oil painting. By trying to imitate the brush work he often gives, moreover, a uniform heaviness to all parts of the picture—earth, sky, and vegetation, of one texture and value. This fault is not particularly noticeable in the current number of Harper's. But in Scribner's Magazine—or rather, I should say, The Century—it is ruinous. Observe (page 802) how it burlesques the perspective of "The Principal Street in Yorktown." Notice (page 813) the smudginess it gives to an "Old Powhatan Chimney;" and again how in Mr. Shephard's drawing "Old Asa cutting Through a Canebrake," it reduces a horse's leg to indiarubber, and on page 885 converts Peter the Great into a ship's figure-head, and the raging waves, in which he is heroically disporting, into a barber's lather. Some of the most charmingly engraved blocks illustrating the article on "Primeval California" are disfigured by the same fault, notably Julian Rix's beautifully drawn "Mt. Tamalpais" with its absurd clouds. Among the best illustrations in The Century are Blum's "Before the Custom House" and "Old Time Canopy," both admirably drawn, and engraved by Whitney in his best manner. But why, O why! Mr. Whitney, do you take so much pains to reproduce anything so unnecessary and out of place in a finished wood-cut as the unpainted edge of the canvas that serves you as a copy. This is art with a vengeance: the art of the Chinese tailor who faithfully reproduces a pair of trousers from the model you give him—rents, patches, and all.

* * *

MENTION, by the way, should be made of The Century's new departure in following the practice of the daily papers of going into mourning on important occasions. The heavy black borders which enframe many of its illustrations this month are sombre and impressive, and the half mourning style shown on page 838 is not without attractions. But the arrangement of illustrations on page 835 as a funereal hatchment is by far the most original design of the kind I have ever seen.

MONTEZUMA,